



TOUCHING COINCIDENCE

Once, on a freight train, the brakeman said to his mate:

"There's a tramp stealing a ride on that forward boxcar. Go and put him off, George."

George walked over the car-tops till he came to the tramp, and then roared:

"Git off! Git, now!"

But the tramp calmly drew forth a revolver, and George retreated over the car-tops again.

"Well, did you put him off, George?" the brakeman asked.

"No, I hadn't the heart to," George replied. "He's an old boyhood friend of mine, poor feller."

"Well, I'll settle him," said the brakeman grimly, and he in his turn set off over the car-tops towards the tramp.

"Did you settle him?" George asked later.

"No," was the reply. "He turned out to be an old boyhood friend of mine, too."

THE DOG IN THE TRAIN

In a train sat a richly-dressed young woman, tenderly holding a very small poodle.

"Madam," said the brakeman, "I am very sorry, but you can't have your dog in this car with you. It's against the rules."

"I shall hold him in my lap all the way," she replied, "and he will disturb no one."

"That makes no difference," said the brakeman. "Dogs must ride in the baggage car. I'll fasten him all right for you—"

"Don't you dare touch my dog," said the young woman excitedly; "I will trust him to no one!" and with indignant tread she marched to the baggage car; tied her dog, and returned.

About fifty miles further on, when the brakeman came along again, she asked him: "Will you tell me if my dog is all right?"

"I am very sorry," said the brakeman politely, "but you tied him to a trunk, and he was thrown off with it at the last station."

ANOTHER CHANCE

"No, she is not a good servant—she stole everything, and used dreadful language when she was tipsy, and smashed everything, but I feel I cannot turn her adrift upon the world—I have decided to give her another chance."

"Good gracious! You don't mean to say you are going to keep her?"

"Oh, bless me, no! Not for worlds! But I have given her a very good character to a lady who called today."

A BRIGHT SUGGESTION

First Stranger, in Boston—Can you tell me how to reach Washington street?

Second Stranger—That's just where I want to go. Let's work together. You go south and I'll go north, and we'll report progress every time we meet.—Puck.